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A SET-BACK FOR JINGOISM.

CHORUS OF PUGNACIOUS POWERS. — What! — no bombardments, no battles, no bloodshed? — What is the world coming to, anyhow?



PEN VERSUS SWORD.

"What," said General Weyler, "has become of that old fortification line, or trocha, that I used to say so much about?"

"It's been blown up."

"It has? How? By the Insurgents?"

"No; the newspapers exploded it. We never had one, you know."

HER INFERENCE.

MR. HOON (*looking up from his newspaper*).—I have just been reading about a man being killed at a church festival, out in the Western part of the State.

MRS. HOON.—H'm! That was carrying matters a little farther than usual, was n't it?

MR. HOON.—Oh! the man was n't murdered for his money, but was slain by a jealous rival.



A PARADOX.

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, Policeman Hogan's boy just told me that his father arrested a man last night for disturbing the Salvation Army.

MR. CALLIPERS.—Served him right, I presume; but how in the world can a man disturb the Salvation Army?



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WORSE THAN USELESS.

PROHIBITIONIST.—If you did n't drink you might be worth five thousand dollars.

ARID ATKINS.—I know, boss;—but wot good would five thousand dollars do me if I did n't drink?

HIS WATERLOO.



MAN IS heir to divers trials,
Tribulations and denials
Of the things which most devoutly
He desires. But still he stoutly
Bears up under disappointment,
Finding efficacious ointment
In sweet Hope that ne'er forsakes him,
For his wounds. Yet *one* thing takes him
With despairing. He resigns his
Claims to meekness and consigns his
Shoestring to Dan Pluto's lakes
When it breaks!

Edward W. Barnard.

WOMAN'S WAY.

MRS. GROUT.—Balloon sleeves are rapidly going out of style.

OLD GROUT.—Wal, what's the odds? Women will soon discover some other method for wasting dress-goods.

WHEN THERE is much to be said on both sides, there is seldom anything omitted.

WHEN WE see some of the people who have survived it, it seems a pity that stage-fright is n't fatal.



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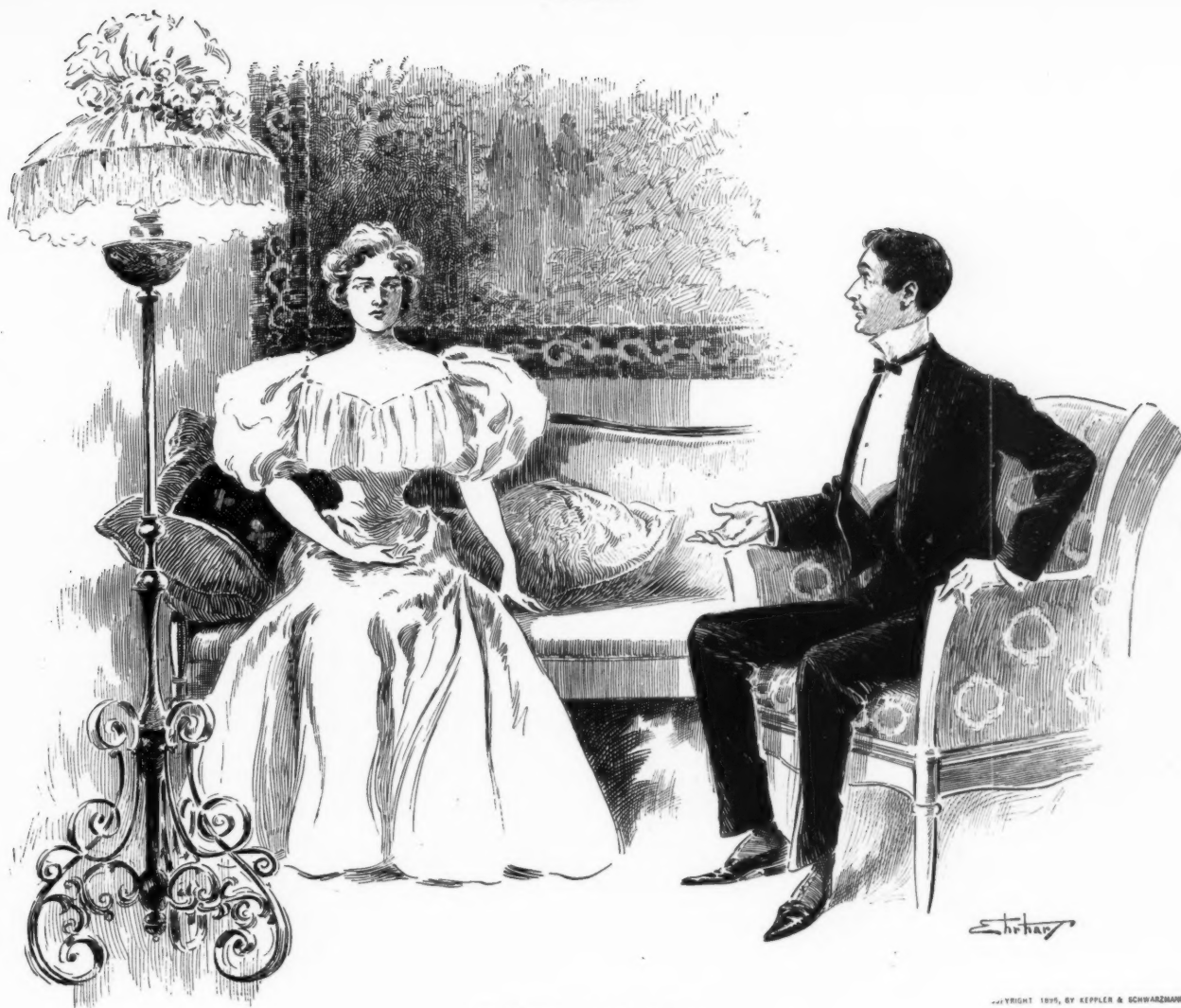
HER DILEMMA.

MR. NEWWED.—What is the matter, dear? You look perplexed.

MRS. NEWWED.—I am. Aunt Hannah sent me this pumpkin and a receipt for making old-fashioned country pumpkin pie;—it reads: First, boil the pumpkin—

MR. NEWWED.—Well, that is simple enough.

MRS. NEWWED.—Yes; but I have n't a pot in the house large enough to hold that enormous pumpkin!



TAKING HER PART.

HE.—But don't you think Clara may have given him some reason to break the engagement?
SHE.—No, indeed! It was Clara's third engagement.

THE LADIES OF TO-DAY.

BALLADE.

AY, TELL me not of dim, dead skies
Where live the dames of long ago,
Clad in the garments of disguise
That shroud the souls departed; so
Are Marie Stuart, de L'Enclos,
And more who long whiles passed away,
And vanished like the winds that blow—
I sing the ladies of to-day.

Where Helene is, or Marie Guise,
And good brave Joan, with cross or bow,
And Flora, Bertha, women wise,
I question not, nor seek to know;
Their names are passing to and fro,
And thus shall rest, and thus shall stay,
While flood may run or tide may flow—
I sing the ladies of to-day.

Dear dead ones, ah! the sad surprise!
Into the past I can not go;
Nor hope to read with ghostly eyes
The fate of those that lived below.
Would they return again? Ah, no!
It must be that they spurn the clay
That held them fettered prisoners, lo!—
I sing the ladies of to-day.

ENVOI.

Queen, Sweetheart, each thing mortal flies,
Time's hand is cold, Time's locks are gray;
While yet we live love never dies—
I sing the ladies of to-day.

John James Meehan.



MISSOURI SUPERIORITY.

MRS. BITTERS (*a Missouri matron*).—I have jest been readin' in the newspaper about a nigger down in Arkansaw who was sent to the asylum for believin' that he owned the State.

MR. BITTERS.—Wal, I should reckon so! Anybody that would take pride in ownin' any part of Arkansaw would be ravin' crazy!



SOUR GRAPES.

DRUMMER.—Who was that man whom I overheard denouncing the new town hall as a death-trap?

VILLAGE MERCHANT.—That was the architect who did n't plan it.

HER PRESENCE OF MIND.

"Goodness alive, Sarah Ellen!" exclaimed Philenda Post, who had come over from South Squam to spend the day with her schoolmate of other years, the eldest daughter of the late Cap'n 'Lias Scrodd, a maiden of thirty-nine, and had been thrown into a flutter of horror upon learning of Miss Sarah Ellen's recent encounter with a coarse and low-browed burglar; "did n't you almost die when you woke up and saw the robber looking at you over the footboard of the bed, and the light of his lantern glaring right at you?"

"Yes," answered the heroine of the adventure; "I guess I did; and me a-setting up in bed in my night-gown, right in the face of a strange man. But I remembered that the way of the transgressor is hard, and I asked him if he had ever had a mother. I guess he must have had, and that she was n't just what she ought to have been, for the question seemed to embarrass him a good deal; and he snapped his dark-lantern shut and climbed right out of the window without stopping to do any more burgling."

MONEY IN STORIES.

"I read a good deal lately about the sky-scraper problem. What is that problem? The construction of an absolutely safe parachute line to the earth, or a vertical railway?"

"Neither. The problem is to get the same rent for the upper as for the lower stories."

WHENEVER YOU begin to suspect a fault in yourself you may feel assured that it is obvious to the rest of the world.



THEY HAD WHEELS.

VISITOR.—Why are those two patients quarreling so?
ASYLUM KEEPER (indifferently).—Oh! each thinks the wheels in his head are the best make.

IN MAINE.

THE DRUGGIST (at 2 A. M.).—Confound his impudence! Think of ringing the night-bell and getting me out of bed at this hour!
HIS WIFE.—What did he want?
THE DRUGGIST.—A drink.

OLD FAVORITES.

FRIEND.—I suppose you are tired of the old-school operas?
MILLIONAIRE.—No; I have n't heard any of them since we've had an opera-box. Some night, I think, I'll get a gallery seat. I *would* like to hear some of the old-timers again.

IN THE HUNTING SEASON.

TOURIST.—Is live stock bringing good prices this year?

FARMER.—When we can get hold of the man that shoots 'em.

ONE INSTANCE.

SHE.—Is n't it wonderful to think of the achievements of science? So many things have been brought within the reach of the masses.

HE.—Yes, indeed! Some years ago golden hair was the boast of a favored few; now, anybody can have it that wants it.

THE SAGE OF ALL TIME.

"Shakspeare is strangely modern at times!"

"Yes. 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women in it merely players'—seems to refer to our divorce statistics, does n't it?"



THE SITUATION.

HE.—You don't need another new dress, do you, dear?
SHE (calmly).—No; but I must have it.

A CASE OF NECESSITY.

"Some people," mused the stern-featured man, as he finished reading the fierce editorial denunciation of trusts, "some people can get along without being monopolists, but I could n't. With two sons at college, and a daughter married to a French count, I have to be a monopolist to make both ends meet."

ABATE THE NUISANCE.

"What do you think is the most active cause in the shrinkage of values?"
"The assessor's visit, usually."

A PRACTICAL VIEW.

MISS BLUE.—And to think that Milton could not sell "Paradise Lost" during his lifetime!

MR. HUSSELL.—H'm—yes!—I suppose it was n't properly advertised.

UNFEELING.

MISS REDINGOTE (gushingly).—He loves me! he loves me! I wonder why?

HER BOSOM FRIEND.—Perhaps you have hypnotized him!

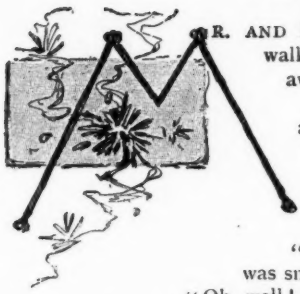
LOVE'S QUESTIONING.

HE.—I love you more than tongue can tell.

SHE.—Is your pocket-book as thick as your tongue?

THE BEST conversationalist is the one who can listen the longest without betraying his annoyance.

WOMEN'S WAYS.



R. AND MRS. COLUMBUS FLATTE came in from a walk the other evening and sat down to read awhile before retiring.

By and by Mrs. Flatte began to move around uneasily, and finally remarked with a sniff:

"It seems to me, Columbus, that this new drop-light of yours must leak somewhere; there's an awful smell of gas."

"I don't notice it," said Mr. Flatte, who was smoking.

"Oh, well! I dare say you'd notice it if you had n't bought the lamp yourself. If this smell keeps up I'll cut the Feather-bone's acquaintance; they're the ones that recommended it; and they're always recommending a drunken washerwoman, or a patent zinc cleaner, or some other damaged article that they can't use themselves." And Mrs. Flatte got up and walked fussily around the two parlors, trying to locate the leak. At last she said:

"Columbus, I do wish you would n't sit there reading stocks so composedly when you have n't a cent to invest, and us liable to blow up any minute, or to get fined for maintaining a nuisance."

Mr. Flatte laid down his paper, and following his wife into the back parlor admitted that in the most remote corner of the alcove there was a strong smell of gas. While they were talking there was a gentle knock at the door, and when Mr. Flatte opened it he found the gentleman from the flat above, a newspaper man. He was clad in a lead-pencil, slippers, an ulster, and a pair of spectacles, and apologized for disturbing them at so late an hour, but said his wife was almost in hysterics over a smell of gas; said the baby slept in the alcove just over the Flatte's, and his wife felt sure it (the baby) would be asphyxiated, if it was n't already.

Presently the man across the hall opened his door and said that his wife had had him out of bed three times and out into the hall looking for a gas leak. They had been obliged to open the windows and feared pneumonia for the baby. He retired into his apartments long enough to hear something his wife had to say, and to throw a dress-coat over his pajamas, and then, at Mr. Flatte's suggestion, went down and woke up the janitor. (He was newly arrived in New York.)

The janitor came up with a look on his face that boded ill, and an old golf cap of Mr. Flatte's on his head that was too small for him. He went around the alcove with a lighted taper, to the great alarm of the several wives of the tenants who had joined their husbands, and finally



BAD EITHER WAY.

"Oh, dear! I wish I knew what to do about Charley!"

"What do you mean?"

"If I tell him I love him, I'm afraid it will make him conceited; and if I don't tell him, I'm afraid he'll never find it out!"

gave it as his opinion that the gas was coming up from the floor below through the hole made for the steam-pipes.

By this time the smell of gas was becoming overpowering, even in the main halls; so the three gentlemen went below and knocked at the door of the first flat.

Now, the lady of the first flat had discharged her girl that afternoon and was blacking her stove at that late hour, just to aggravate her husband. She came to the door with a frightened look and a smudge of blacking on her face. When she recognized the investigators she told them very promptly that she had n't smelled any gas, and added, after she had shut the door, that she did n't believe they had, either.

After the gentlemen returned to the second floor a consultation was held, in which several of the other tenants in various stages of dishabille took part, and it was decided to try every burner on the second and third floors first, and then appeal to the police.

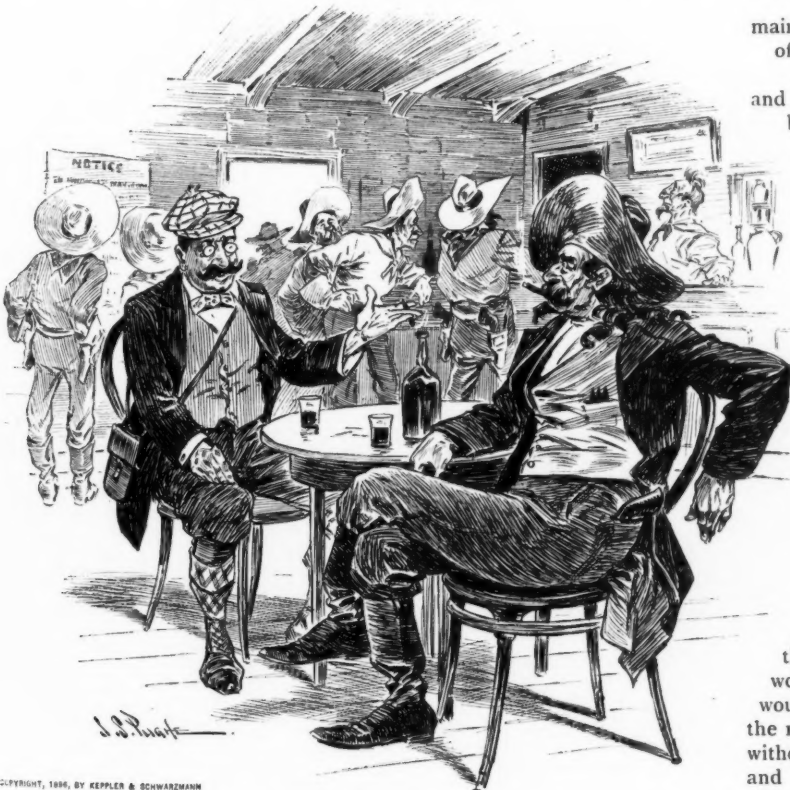
The very first burner they tried in the Columbus Flatte's front parlor was turned on full head.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Flatte, clapping her hand to her forehead; "I must have left it open when I put the drop-light on the wrong burner! And the matches would n't go! I wish those Gould girls would get their teeth fixed!" Then, as the neighbors made a quiet but hasty exit, without waiting for further explanations, and Mr. Flatte handed the janitor a two-dollar bill, she added:

"Well, I don't care, anyway; it's our own gas!"

"Of course it is," said Mr. Flatte; "but I think, perhaps, my dear, that you had better go over to your mother's for a few days, and I'll go out and in the basement way for awhile till this thing blows over."

Madeline Orvis.



UNREASONABLE.

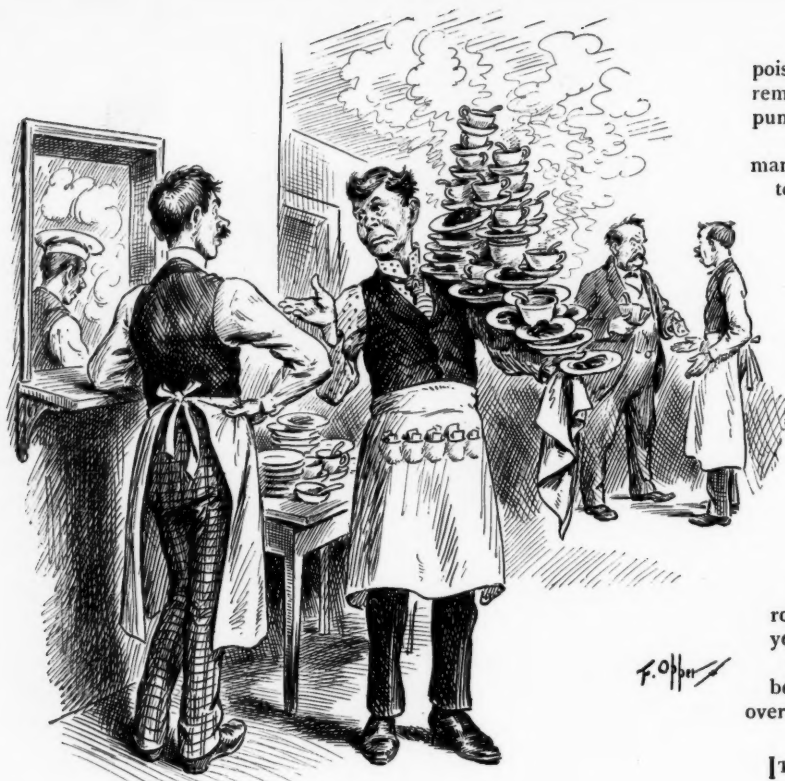
TOURIST.—In the East there are laws against carrying concealed weapons.

WESTERNER.—Do they expect a man to go around all the time with a gun in his hand?



STRANGE.

This old woman has little taste for dress; yet, 'most all the money she gets she puts into stockings.



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IN THE BEANERY.

FIRST WAITER.—What 's de boss firin' dat feller fer?

SECOND WAITER.—He wuz no good. He could n't carry more 'n seven plates o' beef-and—, an' six cups o' coffee at wunst.

SETTLED.

BROWN.—Have you decided what you are going to call the baby?

JONES.—Oh, yes! We're going to call him whatever name my wife may select.

ONE OF THE DRAWBACKS.

"Now, Johnny," said Miss Spriggins, the schoolmistress, as she poised the gad above the bad boy's back for a moment, "I want you to remember that when I whip you, it is not because I enjoy bestowing punishment on you, but because I honestly desire to do you good."

"Huh!" retorted Johnny Squanch, in the weary tone of a blasé man of the world; "that is what comes of a feller's allowin' a woman to git dead stuck on him."

THE REFERENCE.

"Is n't it strange that in Solomon's Proverbs he never refers to any of his wives?"

"Yes, he does—'Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity.'"

THE KIND SHE LIKED.

You ask me how I earned
A maid so sweet and fair;
I left no stone unturned,
Not e'en a solitaire.



PLEASED.

BROWN.—How is that rail-road getting along in which you are interested?

SMITH.—Fine! There has n't been an assessment on the stock in over a year.

IT MAY be as easy to make friends as it is to make enemies, but it is a good deal more of a bore.

A MAN NEVER talks with more confidence than when he is discussing something he pretends to understand with some one who he knows does n't understand it.

PROMINENCE HAS its drawbacks: the man on the curbstone sees a good deal more of the procession than the drum-major does.

THE LESS material some men have to work with, the longer it seems to take them to make up their minds.



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DANGEROUS GROUND.

HE.—What would you say if your tire should pop?

SHE (naively).—Say? Oh, I should exclaim: "This is so sudden!"



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, December 2, 1896. — No. 1030.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE ANTI-LYNCHING PLANK.

BEFORE THE latest Republican platform becomes dusty and obsolete PUCK wants to record his high admiration for the bold stand it takes in the matter of crime and immorality. It is common enough for political parties to come out vaguely and generally in favor of measures to "promote morality;" but when one of them actually specifies a certain brand of crime that is repugnant to it, the future is indeed rosy. The plank to which we allude is as follows:

LYNCHING.

We proclaim our unqualified condemnation of the uncivilized and barbarous practice well known as lynching or killing of human beings suspected or charged with crime, without process of law.

This is no paltering, half-hearted utterance. The clear ring of determined honesty is here, even if the sense of it is a little mixed. Henceforth no honest man may accuse the Republican party of being in sympathy with lynchers. One naturally looks through the platform to see if other crimes are not as sternly denounced; but this, perhaps, was too much to hope for in one platform. And so, by inference, murder, burglary, embezzlement, horse-stealing and pocket-picking, rest under the silent toleration if not the frank approval of the grand old party. Four years hence we shall expect a declaration equally bold against these other crimes. We are surprised to find that the platform does not unreservedly condemn the series of tornados that lately devastated so large a section of the West. Such a plank would have been quite as appropriate as the one quoted. Are we to infer that the party approves of such manifestations of nature under the protectionist theory that the rebuilding of the demolished towns creates a demand for American labor? If lynching is to be a party issue, why not tornados? It is unreasonable to expect all reforms in a day, however, even from the Republican party. We shall watch with deep interest the efforts of the incoming administration to suppress this Southern diversion, and thereby to prove that its utterance on the subject was not a mere bit of campaign twaddle.



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FEMININE FANCY.

OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER. — I don't know what you girls see in these rough-looking foot-ball players to worship.

THE GIRLS. — O Mother! just see how beautifully brutal they look!

NOTICE.

DEARLY BELOVED, a word with you on the vexed subject of circulating mediums, and touching one of them in particular. You have heard much in the last three months concerning a certain "Gresham Law." On December 5th, which is next Saturday, I shall furnish you an object lesson that will illumine its mysteries to every one of you. In obedience to this law a cheap medium of exchange drives out of circulation a dearer one. The Christmas Puck for 1896, which will be issued on the day above-named, is so far above par that it will almost immediately be driven out of circulation by the baser mediums of exchange now in use. Being priceless above gold, silver or bank-notes, it will be eagerly bought and jealously hoarded by an appreciative public. I should n't wonder if it were quoted at a premium in the markets of the world a few days after its issue. And these are my reasons for this cheerful suspicion: it is the most radiant and most captivating Christmas Puck ever known, which is the same as saying that it excels all other Christmas publications of whatsoever name that were ever issued. It is a treasury of fun and fancy, a rainbow-symphony of color, and a vitascope of all the joyous proceedings that distinguish the holiday time. The pages of it are 48, and every one of them is opulent with the best efforts of my artists and writers. Mr. Taylor has been particularly happy with his pictures of tailor-made and other folks; Mr. Oppen has drawn various conceits of the season in their most humorous aspects; Mr. Ehrhart's up-to-date people give tone to many of the pages; Mr. Howarth has drawn with his usual felicity several of his beguiling picture comedies; and Messrs. Dalrymple, Butchins, Dugbe,

Rankivell, and others of my staff of artists, have given of their best to this accumulation of allurements. In addition, there is a full-page drawing by Mr. A. B. Wenzell, of one of his fascinating society belles in a fanciful moment of her interesting career. Of wit and humor there is an unctuous abundance of the best the market affords, in sprightly prose and daintily wrought verse. There is a Christmas sketch by the late D. C. Bunner, a story by Williston Fish, and poetry that is real poetry and prose pastels that are real literature, by a score of Puck's most esteemed contributors.

Mechanically this Christmas Puck will be an overwhelming delight, as well as a model to all those who study the arts of color-printing and typography.

And, so, remember these things: that this work of art will be out next Saturday; and that it will presently be out of circulation, for the reason that it is legal tender for more things than mere money is. And govern yourselves accordingly. If you are a subscriber to Puck this boon will come without extra effort on your part. If you are not of this favored multitude, secure at once the consideration of a reliable newsdealer; and if you know none such forward the price — twenty-five cents — to "The Publishers of Puck, New York."

Having apprised you of your chance and the way to improve it, I beg to wish you the full joys of the season, and to subscribe myself,

Cordially yours, Puck.





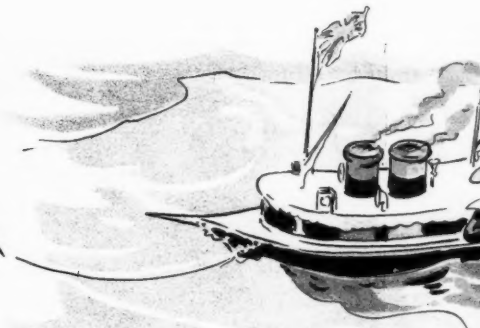
Trotted out on show at Vienna.



Made to lead the Prussian Gre



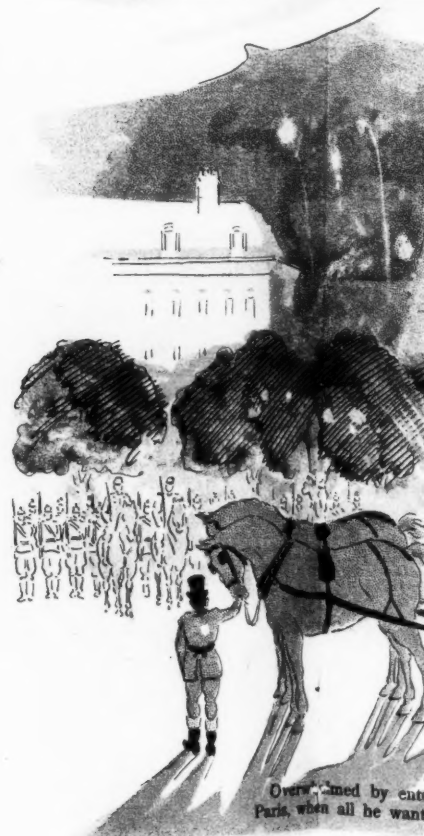
Forced to kiss the whole family at Balmoral.



Shaken up on the English Channel



Tortured by pipers in Scotland.



Overwhelmed by enthusiasm in Paris, when all he wanted

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NO REST FOR THE
A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF HIS RECENT TRIUMPH

PUCK.



and the Prussian Grenadiers at Breslau.



the English Channel.



Overwhelmed by entertainments and illuminations in Paris, when all he wanted was sleep.



And now that he has got home, and hopes for repose, the Turkish nightmare keeps him awake.

J. Ottumman Lith Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

FOR THE CZAR.
RECENT TRIUMPHAL TOUR THROUGH EUROPE.



IT ALWAYS ENDS THAT WAY.

LIKE TO watch a man from the country trying to order his dinner at a city restaurant," said the observant Mr. Tillinghast to Mr. Skidds.

The latter nodded encouragingly.

"I like to watch him, although I know perfectly well when he begins, what he will order in the end."

"But how do you know that?"

"By previous observation of his species."

It is very easy for him to make a selection in the matter of soup, if he takes soup, because usually there are only two kinds to select from. Very often he ignores soup entirely; but if he takes it, it is usually chicken soup he selects.

"After the soup question is disposed of, he looks at the list of meats, and the more he studies it the more undecided he becomes about what to order. He reads the names of a great many delicacies, and he has to guess at what a good many of them really are, not being used to bill-of-fare language. First he begins at the top and reads down; then he begins at the bottom and reads up. All the while the waiter is standing at his side, either dignified and imperturbable, or ostentatiously impatient, according as he is a well-trained waiter, or otherwise. But whether the waiter be rigid or fidgety, his presence confuses the diner, who is not used to that sort of thing, and it makes the ordering of the dinner a very difficult matter. The diner feels himself getting more bewildered and hotter and hotter every second. Finally he throws the menu down on the table, looks at the waiter in an apologetic manner, and says:

"Bring me a little roast-beef and some potatoes."

William Henry Siviter.

A SPECIALIST.

FIRST BANK DIRECTOR.—They talk of discharging the paying-teller. Some trouble connected with checks said to be forged.

SECOND BANK DIRECTOR.—I thought he was an expert in handwriting. You don't mean to say he paid any forged checks?

FIRST BANK DIRECTOR.—No; he refused to pay some that were perfectly good.



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PERFECTLY WILLING.

PATERFAMILIAS (*sternly*).—Let this end right here, sir!—right here and now!

FOND LOVER.—All r-right, sir!—c-call a minister.

ONE HALF the world does not know how the other half lives, but it would give a good deal to find out.

THE HEN is far from being a pattern of wisdom, but she never cackles until after she has laid her egg.

STRONGER.

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Snapper Giggins, the eminent pugilist, can put a big brute of a man to sleep in three rounds.



But he can't put this little fifteen pounds of humanity to sleep in three hours.

PUCK.

A LOST BIRD.

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SPORTSMAN.—Ah! look at that beauty coming!



"I'll not do a thing to him."



"Wait till he gets right over my head."



"Now, there I have—"

A GROUNDLESS CHARGE.

PAPA.—I understand that the young man who is calling on Mabel is a little wild.

JACK.—Not at all! Every time I've been out with him, when it got to be three or four o'clock, he wanted to go home.

A MODEST REQUEST.

THE TRAMP.—Well, Madam, there's no need of losing your temper over it. It is n't as if I asked you to prepare an elaborate function for me. An informal breakfast would have suited me. Good-morning, Madam! Good-morning!

DON'T ANNOY yourself and other people by insisting that you are right when it does n't make any difference whether you are right or not.



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HE DIED TOO SOON.

ASSISTANT.—What's the matter, Mr. Hustle?

THEATRICAL MANAGER.—I'm just reading Baron Munchausen;—too bad! too bad! Just think what a corking press agent he'd make if he was living now!

A PAST MASTER.

TOMMY.—Pa, what is a statistician?

TOMPKINS.—A statistician, my son, is a man whose business it is to prove that figures *can* lie.

A GOOD REASON.

DRUMMER (in a Southern town).—How do you do, Uncle? I understand that there is a young negro living here who is actually turning white.

UNCLE SLEWFOOT.—Yes, sah; it's muh son, sah!—an' I reggin you'd tuh'n white, too, sah, if ev'y time dar was a chicken or a hawg missin' in de community de constable would take an' arrest you, sah, on gin'l principles, wid-out waitin' fuh proof, an' de white gemmen would git to 'scussin', ev'y now an' den, 'bout lynching you as an objec' lesson, sah!

A REMEDY.

JONES.—Brown is always complaining about the cares and responsibilities his money has brought him.

SMITH.—Why does n't he try Wall Street?

REASON ENOUGH.

BROWN.—I wonder why Paynter was so angry when I asked him what school of art he belonged to?

SMITH.—What school? That implies that he has something to learn.

USUALLY THE CASE.

UNCLE GROUT.—When you are as old as I am, young man, you will have more foresight than you've got now.

NEPHEW SMART.—Yes; just when I am too old to have anything to look forward to.



"—got the entire contents of that pipe in my eye!—!!*!!*!!*!!"



"Gunning always was dangerous sport, anyhow."

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

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**NERVOUS DISEASES,
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Restraint Without Suffering.

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Send for Dr. Emmerich's Pamphlet:
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Dr. Emmerich, Managing Physician.



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Traveler

is certain to
advise you to
take the

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CENTRAL
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best and most pleasant route.

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**BEECHAM'S
PILLS**

FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS
such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach,
Sick Headache, Giddiness, Swelling and
Distress after meals, Dizziness and Drow-
ziness, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite,
Costiveness or Constipation, Blisters on the
Skin, etc.

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This is his first ap-
pearance in society,
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(A year and a half
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he's all head."—
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to swat it violently
with a heavy ax.—
West Union Gazette.

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DOOHEY.—I was in
a row last night and
someone punched it.

DUZZEY.—Sorry,
old man; hope it'll
come out all right, I
assure you.—Roxbury
Gazette.

"WHAT do you
mean by being en-
gaged to three men at
once?"

"Nothing."—Yale
Record.

JAGGS.—I tell you,
those Southern colo-
nels have their eyes
open.

SNAGGS.—They
ought to have; see the
treatment they take
for it.—Adams Free-
man.



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HE.—I had heard dot your fader has more money dan he knows vat to do mit.
SHE (with dignity).—You vill please not to insult my fader's indelligence, Mr. Isaacs!

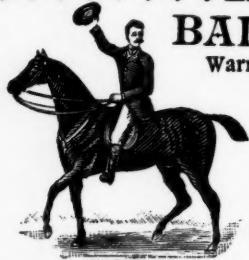
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Why not get one on
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—Roxbury Gazette.

"THE worst thing
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Smith," said John,
"is that there's no
use in labeling your
umbrella."—Wash-
ington Capital.

BETTER be a lamp
in the house, than try
to be a star in the sky.
—Ram's Horn.

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Send for illustrated catalogue.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

IMPORTANT.

MRS. GOTHAM.—
Why, how did you
happen to get home
from school so early?

LITTLE GIRL.—
You said I might ask
to be excused after
recess whenever there
was n't any important
lessons to say, an'
there was n't to-day—
nothin' but gogra-
phy.

"But geography is
important."

"Yes, Mama; but
the lesson to-day was
only about New Jer-
sey."—N. Y. Weekly.

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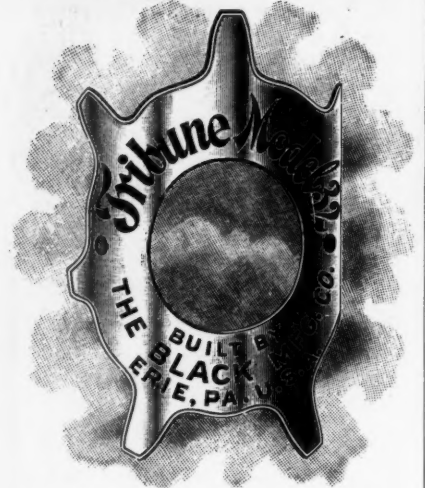
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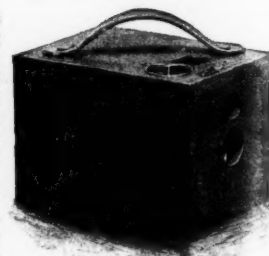


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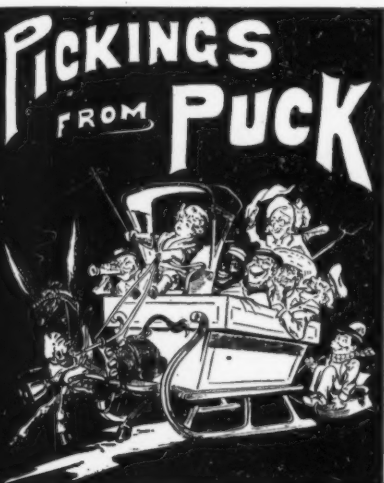
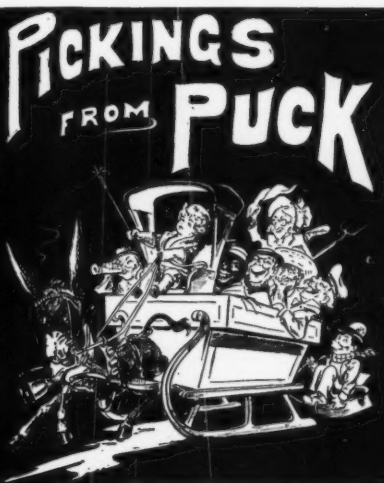
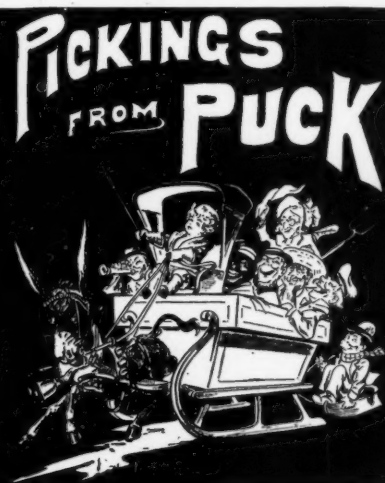
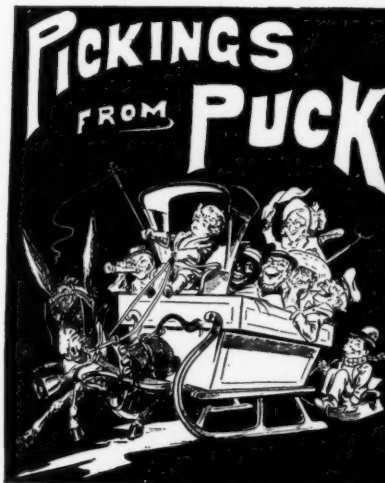
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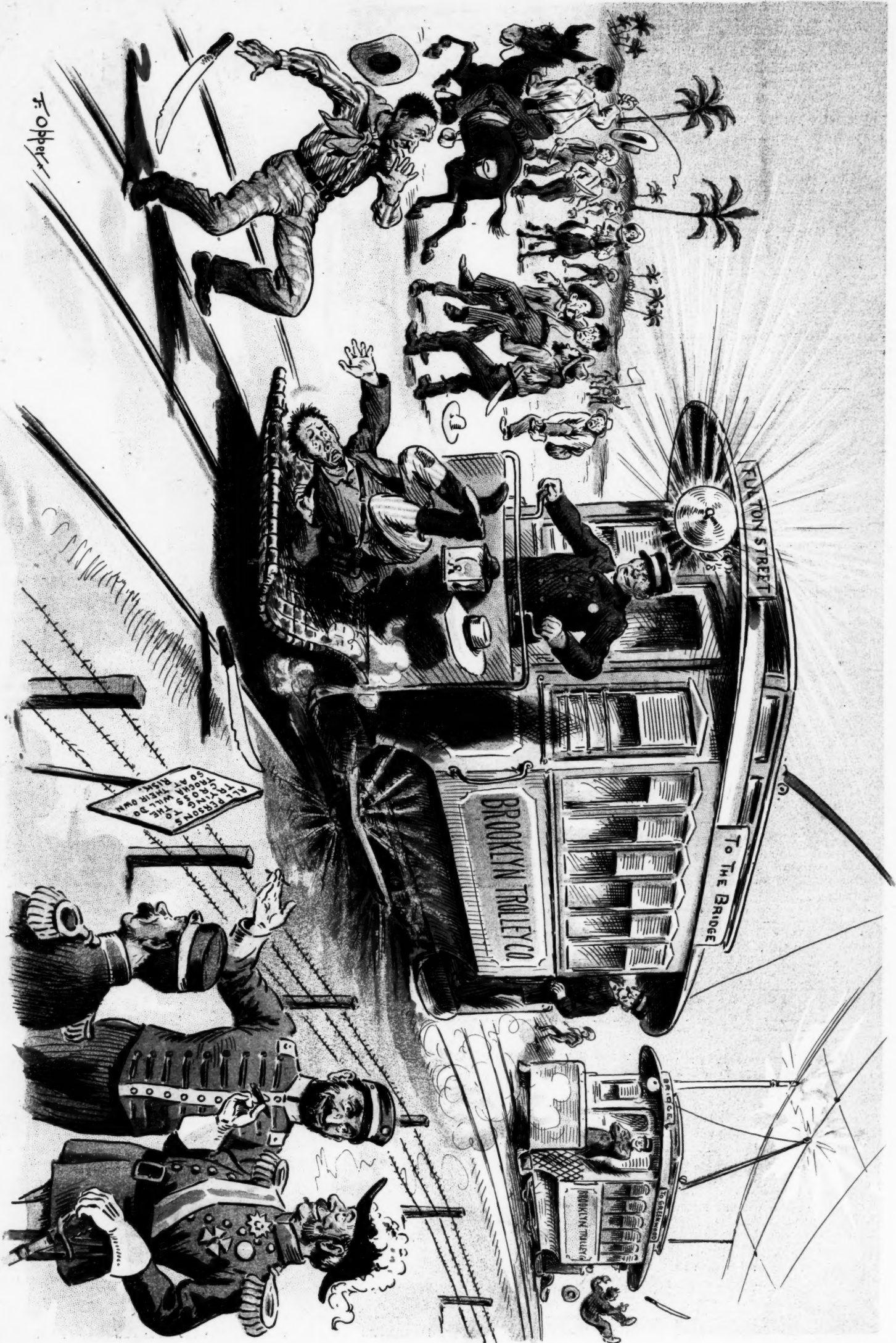
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